Dwels in the fickle grace of her he followes,
Out varlet, from my ſight.

Duke. What meanes your Grace?

Enter Gonorill.

Gon. Who ſtrucke my ſeruant? *Regan*, I haue good hope
Thou didſt not know ant.

Lear. Who comes here? O heauens!
If you do loue olde men, if you ſweet ſway alow
Obedience, if your ſelues are old, make it your cauſe,
Send downe and take my part;
Art not aſham'd to looke vpon this beard?
O *Regan*, will thou take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand ſir, how haue I offended?
All's not offence that indiſcretion findes,
And dotage tearmes ſo.

Lear. O ſides, you are too tough,
Will you yet hold? how came my man i'th ſtockes?

Duke. I ſet him there, but his owne diſorders
Deſeru'd much leſſe aduancement.

Lear. You; did you?

Reg. I pray you father being weake, ſeeme ſo,
If till the expiration of your moneth,
You will returne and ſoiourne with my ſiſter,
Diſmiſſing halfe your traine, come then to me,
I am now from home, and out of that prouiſion
Which ſhall be needfull for your entertainment.

Lear. Returne to her, and fifty men diſmiſt?
No, rather I abiure all roofes, and chuſe
To wage againſt the enmity of the ayre,
To be a Comrade with the Wolfe and Owle,
Neceſſities ſharpe pinch, returne with her?
Why the hot blood in *France*, that dowerles
Tooke our yongeſt borne, I could as well be brought
To knee his Throne, and Squire-like penſion beg,
To keepe baſe life afoote; returne with her?
Perſwade me rather to be ſlaue and ſumpter

To this deteſted groom
Gon. At your choiſe ſi
Lear. Now I prethee
I will not trouble thee m
Wee'l no more meete, no
But yet thou art my fleſh
Or rather a diſeaſe that l
Which I muſt needs call
A plague ſore, an imboſſ
Corrupted bloud, but Ile
Let ſhame come when it
I do not bid the thunder-
Nor tell tales of thee to
Mend when thou canſt, b
I can be patient, I can ſta
I and my hundred Knigh
Reg. Not altogether
Nor am prouided for yo
Giue eare to my ſiſter, fo
That mingle reaſon with
Muſt be content to think
But ſhe knowes what ſh
Lear. Is this well ſpok
Reg. I dare auouch it
Is it not well? what ſho
Yea or ſo many, ſith tha
Speakes gainſt ſo great
Should many people vn
Hold amity, tis hard, alm
Gon. Why might not
From thoſe that ſhe cals
Reg. Why not my L
We could controle then
(For now I ſpie a dange
To bring but fiue and tw
Will I giue place or noti
Lear. I gaue you all.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King Lear* (STC 22293) LONDON, 1608 [1619] THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C